Newsweek -

Oppenheim formula of international intrigue and romance in the glittering circles of the well-born and affluent. Nigel Beverley, youthful president of the British corporation which owns a bauxite mine at Klast, in the Balkan kingdom of Orlac, learns from Princess Marya Maura-nesco, a beautiful convent-bred orphan who earns her living playing the violin in a London night club, that his company's monopoly is threatened by German machinations. Her brother, Prince Rudolpho, asserts that he has discovered new bauxite deposits on the family estates, in a remote and wild part of Orlac; unless the English buy an immediate option he will sell to the Germans. Marya warns Beverley of her brother's untrustworthiness, but she fears that his claim may, nevertheless, have a solid basis. There is the fur-

The Dietz Press, Richmond, Va., announces for publication on Dec. 1 "Francis Walker Gilmer: Life and Learning in Jefferson's Virginia," by Richard Beale Davis. Francis Walker Gilmer was a friend of Jefferson, Madison and many other eminent Virginians in the early days of our country's history. Jefferson once described him as "the best educated young man in Virginia" and said of him that "he will be in future whatever he pleases in either the State, or general government." But Gilmer died at the age of 36, and although he accomplished much and promised more, his briefly brilliant career was almost forgotten. Richard Beale Davis, a member of the English faculty of Mary Washington College, has devoted five years of painstaking research to the subject of Gilmer, his work and his time.

Explorer in Tennis Shoes

(Continued from Page 4)

nified, gentle and lovable of all living creatures"; the tree-porcupine, which "will stagger about as if drunk, will sneeze and then grumble about it or suddenly pull its own tail away when it is standing on it and so knock itself over . . . all with a look of injured surprise spreading over its always puzzled face." Mr. Sanderson is also an enthusiast about animal parasites, both external and internal, and one of his greatest pleasures after a successful collecting tour is to sit on a log (which may or may not be inhabited by scorpions) and inspect these fascinating members of Nature's leisure class.

One of the secrets of the book's undeniable charm is its author's delight in what he is seeing and doing. Even the stinging sandflies which make night unbearable off the Surinam coast do not leave him with vengeful memories. He has a rich vein of humor, an appreciation of beauty, an occasional warm burst of sentiment. He hated to go home. His drawings are admirably explicit and artistically pleasing. He does not present a photograph of himself or any member of his party—perhaps an excess of good taste, but still good taste.

Isabelle Entrikin, librarian of the Upper Darby Free Public Library, 76 South State Road, Upper Darby, Pa., will be glad to hear of any letters or other unpublished material of Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hales, author and editor of Godey's Lady's Book. Mrs. Entrikin would like also to know the whereabouts of any of Mrs. Hales's descendants.

Jack L. Hart, P. O. Box 1782, University Station, Austin, Texas, is working on a biography of William Cowper Brann, the famous "Iconoclast" of the Eighteen Nineties. He would like to get into communication with persons who knew Brann or who have information concerning him.

WHAT PEOPLE THINK—

"Godspeed you through the years in your determination to affirm the Christian conception of the dignity of the individual man."

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
The White House, Washington.

"I read it regularly and with appreciation for its careful and thoughtful interpretation of happenings in this complicated and troubled world of ours."

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,
President of Columbia University.

"The Commonweal is now an indispensable American journal, for the deeper problems which confront mankind today are, it seems to me, unintelligible and insoluble except by an understanding of that universal tradition which The Commonweal represents."

WALTER LIPPMANN,
New York Herald Tribune.

"It has made a distinguished place for itself in the intellectual life of this country. I respect its inquiring mind, its awareness of social change and its fidelity to fixed principles. It is Catholic in the best sense, alive to the issues of our time as well as to the issues of all time."

ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK,
New York Times.

page 27

19 NOVEMBER 1939

section 6

New York Times

An Explorer in Tennis Shoes

A New Book by Ivan T. Sanderson, a Naturalist Who Finds Jungles Fairly Safe and Quite Friendly

Collared Peccary and Balsé Plants.

The Illustrations Are From Drawings by Ivan T. Sanderson for "Caribbean Treasure."

CARIBBEAN TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. With thirty-two illustrations by the author. 292 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

By R. L. DUFFUS

THE author of "Animal Treasure," a naturalist's account of experiences in West Africa which aroused enthusiasm among the laity here, comes forward with another book. This new contribution has almost everything that a book about men and animals in the wilds ought to have. The reviewer cannot guarantee its scientific observations, but he does feel certain that Mr. Sanderson writes of what he saw, not only interestingly but truthfully.

Mr. Sanderson is manifestly not out for personal glory. He does not pretend that his visits to Haiti, Trinidad and Surinam were in any way heroic—even though some of his experiences would scare a city dweller out of a year's growth. He does not try to fit himself into the popular conception of an explorer as "something bronzed and half-starved pounding through the primeval beneath a solar topee, and clad in breeches and riding-boots." He wears tennis shoes, a pair of ratting pants, a thin gray or khaki shirt and some kind of hat. For him the jungle is as safe and friendly as the Arctic seems to Vilhjalmur Stefansson, unless the traveler is careless enough to get lost in it.

But on one occasion, in Trinidad, Mr. Sanderson went out to help round up some "quanks" (probably *dictoyles tajacu*), slid down a cliff holding on to three lianas, captured a bat (*vampyrodes caraccioli*) on the way down, then fell as the lianas broke and found himself menaced by a pit-viper (*mapipi* or *lachesis muta*), which has the reputation, in Trinidad, of leaving its victim conscious but completely paralyzed, to be eaten at leisure by ants and worms. He was rescued, if the verb is appropriate at this place, by one of the "quanks," which attacked the snake, kicked it against the cliff and gave Mr. Sanderson time to stun it with a rock and capture it.

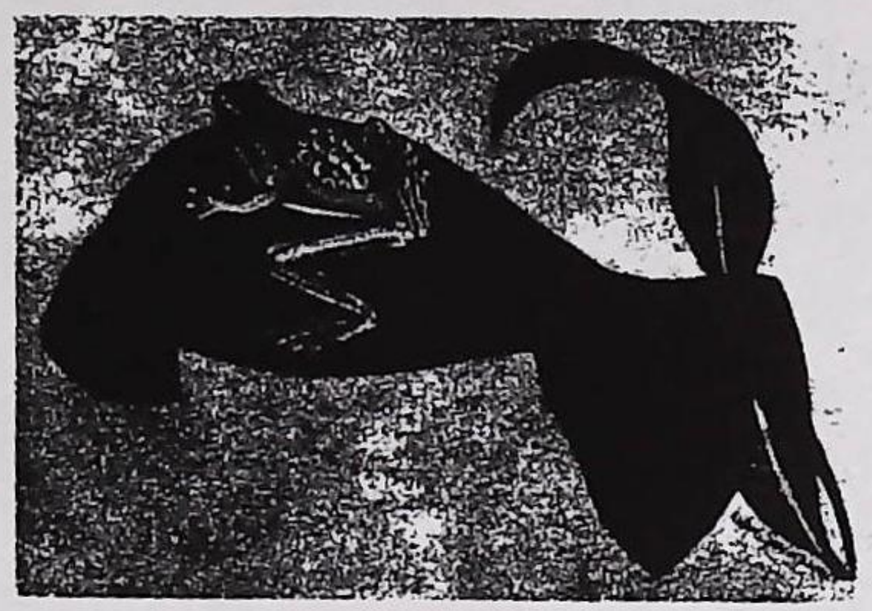
There are not many snake stories in this narrative, however, nor many stories of any kind to make one's hair stand on end. He was not looking for the sinister and rarely found it. Twice only does he give one the creeps, and each time it is in a cave. Knowing what one thinks one does of tropical reptiles, insects and deadly forms of vegetation, the last thing the gentle reader would probably do would be to creep into a tropical cave with a flashlight and a collecting net. Mr. Sanderson may feel for a moment that he is standing "on the lip of some loathsome monster • • • a dead Moloch • • • with a terribly potent, mold-covered presence" but in he goes. The interior is filled with a "glutinous silence" and a "remarkable smell," and, of course, Mr. Sanderson adds to his collection. This is in Trinidad. Another Trinidad cave is under Mount Aripo. The visitor "peered into a cold, dark void that was nevertheless alive with unseen things that betrayed their hidden presence by some sense other than sound." But he went in, not much bothered. Nothing much bothered Mr. Sanderson, though he did not especially care for spiders.

Except for the encounter with the *mapipi* the Sanderson adventures, though invariably interesting, are never horrifying. Unless, of course, it is horrifying to go to sea in a one-cylinder motor boat which does not know the way and is likely to stop without warning; to dissect a whale which has been too long dead; to be bitten by a scorpion; to hear a truly human whistle where no humans ought to be and discover a crab-eating raccoon (*euprocyon cancrivorus*); to climb the branchless lower trunk of a tree with a shotgun somewhere about one's person; or to dive into a snag-littered tropical river thirty feet deep, with a kerosene tin for a diving helmet, in search of the armature of an essential magneto, which happens to be down there. The Sanderson party wandered through the jungle to Haiti, which is not really a jungle and does not "steam," and also through the jungles of Surinam, with jaunty disregard of the grisly menaces other travelers one might name have found there. For them these places were no "green hell." They liked them.

There is no pose in all this, unless it is the pose of not having a pose. There is nothing of the superior Englishman (perhaps because he is a Scotsman) about Mr. Sanderson, indeed nothing of the superior anything. He does not even like to shoot animals, though he is in duty bound to collect specimens. He gives the reader, without putting the thought into so many words, the idea that animals are people, with personalities. This may be a scientific error, but it is a literary virtue. Any one who has ever had a pet dog, cat or anteater will at once be sympathetic.

Indeed, a fascinating cast of characters parades through the narrative: *desmodus rufus*, the blood-sucking Trinidad bat, a suspected carrier of hydrophobia, with its "inverted mouth opened in a satanic grin and displaying a pair of gleaming, white, rodent-like front teeth"; the sad little pygmy anteater, tears in its eyes, whistling plaintively; the giant anteater, brought to the author's door in Paramaribo, appearing in the doorway "in a most dignified manner, though still phonking loudly"; the capybara, "most dig-

(Continued on Page 27)



Pouch-Back Frog.

The Miracle of Life on This "Flowering Earth"

FLOWERING EARTH. By Donald Culross Peattie. Wood engravings by Paul Landacre. 247 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

"I HAVE spent twenty years getting ready to write this book," says Mr. Peattie, "and more than two writing it, and all the things that would make it thorough and dull I have tried to leave out." Textbooks and manuals are for specialists; in this book the lay reader will find the story and the miracle of life, "green life, the plant kingdom, which has flowered into our present home, from the earliest seeds of vitality on earth."

Plant energy keeps life from extinction; it stores up where all other energy runs down; upon it depends not only the continuous chain, grass to mutton and wool to man, but the vast structure of the modern industrial age, which spends in coal, oil and gas stores of plant energy accumulated through ages. Mr. Peattie tells how, as a student, he performed the experiment of extracting chlorophyll, drawing from ivy leaves the opaque and heavy substance that contains the still unreadable secret of life. Chlorophyll is the plant's link with the source of power; protoplasm is the vital stuff of its life, in which its future shape and development lie contained; from it come the subtle and evanescent changes on a petal or a human face. Plant or animal, all living things, as distinct from nonliving, have in common the cell, growth from within out, perception and response, reproduction, and individuality, which begins with the lowest cell.

When, and how, did life first come upon the earth? Perhaps, as some have suggested, from interstellar space. Some microscopic form, practically immortal, capable of feeding upon inorganic matter, like the iron-oxidizing Lepthothrix which built up the great Mesabi iron range—and Charles Lipman discovered bacteria of this sort in meteorites. Or, if this seems too hard of belief, perhaps the secret lies in the nonfiliterable viruses, of which little is yet known. However it began, it gathered momentum slowly during the ages when our planet was in another quarter of the universe. Countless forms have evolved, changed and disappeared. The algae succeeded the bacteria, and, like them, have survived into modern life. Mr. Peattie describes the algal jungle in a drop of water seen through a microscope; and the undersea jungle, no less strange, in which may still be seen what the ocean world was like before land rose above the surface and life followed it ashore. He pictures the kelp forests of the Pacific, on whose stems, large as forest trees, smaller seaweeds climb like the orchids and lianas of a tropical forest.

Mr. Peattie carries the story down to the plant world today, the endless devices of fertilization, the relationship of plant and insect, the part of fungi and the bacteria of decay in the complex balance of life, the structure of plant and flower under the microscope. On the way he tells something of his own work and adventures in living, the irresistible impulse to study plants which led him to give up his first city job to catalogue the Appalachian flora, his training at Harvard, work with the Department of Agriculture; his own projects out of which came the material for the "Almanac for Moderns."

"If any one learns botany from this book," he says, "it will be by the way." The reader will learn a great deal; but what is stressed throughout is the living plant, life itself. Beyond the external facts his thoughts and imagination reach, and carry the reader's with them, to the living process, the forces behind the facts. His prose, perhaps at times studied, always distinguished, is pervaded by a continuous sense of beauty and illuminative insight. His imagination can picture the vaporous light of an earlier atmosphere, the terrifying wastes of outer space, "a breathless darkness stabbed with kindling rays of ultra-violet light, islands of flame in a sea of icy emptiness."

The flowering of the earth he sees as the culmination of green life's history, and in the North American flora beauty ranges from the fragile radiance of the Appalachian spring to the rigid and geometrical beauty of the desert cactus. But it is "beauty exactly organized"; the same order pervades all. The chlorophyll of plants is chemically akin to the hemoglobin in human blood; grains of pollen are geometric figures like the abstract shapes of crystal, and in this may be seen "the relationship between the lilies of the field and the stars in their courses."

ANITA MOFFETT.

From a Wood Engraving by Paul Landacre for "Flowering Earth."

19 NOVEMBER 1939 Page 4 Section 6 N. Y. Times

DIGEST 1939

SANDERSON, I. T.—*Continued*

"One of the secrets of the book's undeniable charm is its author's delight in what he is seeing and doing. . . He has a rich vein of humor, an appreciation of beauty, an occasional warm burst of sentiment. . . His drawings are admirably explicit and artistically pleasing. He does not present a photograph of himself or any member of his party—perhaps an excess of good taste, but still good taste." R. L. Duffus

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+ New Yorker 15:87 N 11 '39 700w

Reviewed by L. J. Halle, Jr.

Sat R of Lit 21:5 N 18 '39 800w

Springf'd Republican p7e N 19 '39 600w

"A distinguished scientist, a gifted artist (the animal illustrations in Caribbean Treasure are a part of its charm), Sanderson is considerably more entertaining about small animals and bugs than most writers are about lions and tigers."

+ Time 34:88 N 20 '39 360w

Wis Lib Bul 36:15 Ja '40

SANDERSON, IVAN TERRANCE. Caribbean treasure; with 32 il. by the author. 292p map $3 Viking

591.98 Zoology—West Indies. Zoology—Dutch Guiana. Animals, Habits and behavior of (W) 39-29419

After a busman's holiday-honeymoon in the West Indies, the author, an English zoologist, and his wife, spent most of the year 1938 in Dutch Guiana making frequent trips into the jungles to collect specimens and study the habits of wild animals. This book is in three parts: From Trinidad; Through Haiti; To Surinam. In his introductory chapter the author says "This book should be looked upon as an account of the lighter and more human side of our travels, though always told from the viewpoint of a zoologist, and also as an advance statement of the actual results of our work, in so far as it can at present be viewed."

Booklist 36:146 D 15 '39

"Every naturalist and every lover of nature and travel will enjoy it. In fact, I heartily recommend it to every one who would like a refreshing breath of tropical air and animation." C. H. Pope

+ Books p5 N 26 '39 1400w

"Exciting, fascinating and beautifully written." G. S. Reid

+ Boston Transcript p13 N 17 '39 220w

BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1939

work, these criticisms are of little importance. It is not merely a biography; it is a magnificent piece of history, an epic story of the most stirring period of national life, and a narrative which for decades will hearten all believers in the stability of democracy and the potentialities of democratic leadership." Allan Nevins

+ — Sat R of Lit 21:3 D 2 '39 4000w

Springf'd Republican p7e D 3 '39 130w

"This four-volume biography as it now stands completed is a work whose meanings will not soon be exhausted, whose greatness will not soon be estimated. It can be said that no U. S. biography surpasses it in wealth of documentation and fidelity to fact, that none . . . can compare with it in strength, scope and beauty."

+ Time 34:84 D 4 '39 3000w

Wis Lib Bul 35:215 D '39

"The poets have always understood Lincoln, from Whitman and Emerson to Lindsay and Benét, and it is fitting that from the pen of a poet should come the greatest of all Lincoln biographies, one of the great biographies of our literature. It is great in the reflected beauty and honesty of its subject; it is great, too, in the telling. It is such a biography as Lincoln himself would have wished and would have understood, genuine, simple, broad, humane, dramatic, poetic, thoroughly American in its muscular, idiomatic words, in its humor, in its catholicity and democracy." H. S. Commager

+ Yale R n s 29:374 winter '40 1550w

SANDEMAN, CHRISTOPHER. Forgotten river; a book of Peruvian travel and botanical notes. 311p il $5 (12s 6d) Oxford

918.5 Peru—Description and travel. Huallaga river. Botany—Peru

"This book is a full account, in diary form, of three months' travel in Peru. Christopher Sandeman, well known in England as a gardener, made the journey for the dual purpose of collecting rare plants and exploring some practically unknown districts. . . . The plants found included rare orchids, shrubs, herbs, cacti, including one new genus and several new species." Books

Books p35 D 10 '39 150w

"I wish I could agree with the publisher of A Forgotten River about the gentleness of Mr. Sandeman's irony. I should incline to call it heavily facetious, but there are some good descriptions of scenery and of people in this botanist's diary." Beryl de Zoete

+ — New Statesman & Nation 18:851 D 9 '39 90w

"It is an interesting book because of its subject and its day-by-day material, of course: an interesting book of travel and adventure. But it has an added fillip of interest in the travelers' easy matter-of-factness and often humorous observation, and in their enjoyment of simple hospitality and acquaintance, as well as exciting incident, in Peru. Excitement, indeed, is modestly played down, all through the diary."

+ N Y Times p17 Ja 14 '40 550w

"It is among the qualities that make his writing good travel literature that he is generous in recognizing the virtues of people living in primitive conditions—the courtesy of those of Spanish descent, the tolerant sagacity of priests, the skill of raftsmen, the endurance of mountain porters. On the other hand he does not yield to the temptation to overrate what is known to few besides himself."

+ Times [London] Lit Sup p565 S 30 '39 700w

SANDERS, SUE. Our common herd. 261p $1 Garden City pub. co.

B or 92 39-17706

Autobiography of a pioneer woman. Born in 1880, the ninth child of a Texas frontier family, Sue Sanders began life with crippled ankles. She worked on the farm from the age of seven to her marriage at fourteen. And after marriage she worked harder, left her husband, and until 1913 earned a living for herself and two daughters washing and cooking in oil towns. Finally she won a fortune—in oil—and lost it, but never afraid of work she resumed her task of earning her own way.

"You won't forget Sue Sanders. Her humor is coarse, her language is racy and earthy, and Ma is dreadful when she gets self-consciously pious. But her book, particularly up to the point where she is successful is amazing and unique, impressive and exhilarating." Olga Owens

+ Boston Transcript p5 D 30 '39 850w

"Here is a book which, as a picture of the people who live in the Short Grass—that region comprising parts of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico centering around what is now known as the Dust Bowl—has it all over 'The Grapes of Wrath' in more ways than a farmer could whip a mule. . . . This is the most honest, convincing, and authentic book as yet printed about the people of the last frontier." Stanley Vestal

+ Sat R of Lit 21:6 Ja 6 '40 500w

SANDERSON, EZRA DWIGHT, and POLSON, ROBERT ARNOLD. Rural community organization. 448p maps $3 Wiley [18s Chapman]

323.354 Sociology, Rural. Community life 39-22323

Altho planned as a textbook on rural community oragnization, the authors believe "that it will be found useful to extension workers in agriculture and home economics, to planning officials, and to rural professional leaders, such as school superintendents and principals, rural pastors and church executives, social workers, and organization executives. . . . The book presupposes that the student will have had a course in general sociology or rural sociology, but, although desirable, this is not a necessary prerequisite for mature students who have had personal experience in rural life, as we have found in our teaching of the subject." (Pref) Bibliography. List of agencies, private organizations, and government bureaus which may be of assistance in various aspects of community organization. Index.

Booklist 36:62 O 15 '39

"Interesting and readable volume. . . . Its subject matter should give it a wide audience in these days of bitter divergences of opinion in America and growing recognition of the great importance of problems of our rural population." W. W. Pettit

+ Survey 75:391 D '39 350w

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+ Time 34:88 N 20 '39 360w

Wis Lib Bul 36:15 Ja '40

SANDIFORD, PETER. Foundations of educational psychology; 2v; v 1 Nature's gifts to man. 464p il $3.25 (12s 6d) Longmans

370.15 Educational psychology (38-15344)

"The author tells us in his preface [that this] is the first of a series designed to give a general survey of the foundations of educational psychology for advanced students of education. The field covered by this first volume, he tells us, is approximately that which Thorndike called, 'The Original Nature of Man.' A second volume, he promises, will deal with the 'Psychology of Learning.'" Am J Psychol

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"The writing of an up-to-date two or three volume treatise on educational psychology which will supplant Thorndike's out-of-date three volumes is a much needed work. It would seem, however, that Professor Sandiford has not gotten off to an exceptionally good start in this task, nor has he succeeded in writing a thoroughly acceptable book for the purpose stated in the preface. There are a number of prominent lacunae occurring in the discussion of certain topics, which omissions are really inexcusable in a book written for graduate students. . . [However] Sandiford has written a valuable book. The advanced student whose knowledge enables him to recognize the lacunae will profit much from reading it. It would be too bad, however, to put it into the hands of the student just beginning his graduate work in educational psychology unless it is studied with warnings and critical guidance from the instructor." E. B. van Ormer

+ — Am J Psychol 52:483 Jl '39 1250w

Reviewed by Leonard Carmichael

Boston Transcript p11 Je 15 '39 230w

SANDOZ, MARI. Capital city. (Atlantic monthly press bk) 343p $2.50 Little

(W) 39-28961

A story of a mid-western city—here called Franklin, the capital of the State of Kanewa—and of the conditions existing there which prefaced the coming of Fascism, labor strife, pogroms, etc.

For biographical sketch of the author see Wilson Bulletin 12:364 F '38

Booklist 36:134 D 1 '39

"The novel has no vital central character such as Miss Sandoz's other books possessed. For though Hamm Rufe may be considered the hero of 'Capital City,' he never comes fully alive as leader, son or lover. But if Miss Sandoz fails to create a central character who holds the attention throughout the book, she succeeds marvelously well in introducing and developing a score of minor characters and plots. As a portrait of an American city, true in detail if not in total, 'Capital City' is a challenging document." Rose Feld

+ Books p5 D 3 '39 800w

"Considering what has already been done in this line by Sinclair Lewis, T. S. Stribling, and other novelists, 'Capital City' has not quite the explosiveness that the publishers claim for it, but it is a substantial, sharp-visioned reinforcement to fiction's assault on fascist and near-fascist forces in America." L. B. Salomon

+ Nation 149:686 D 16 '39 490w

"The display is so cluttered that the eye and mind become weary. . . The purity of her blacks and whites gives outline to the author's subject, but no flesh or color to the actors. One can hardly expect the daughter of tyrannical Old Jules to see life lightly, or to compromise with hypocrisy; but unalloyed spiritual earnestness is as hard to live with and for as wickedness." B. E. Bettinger

— + New Repub 101:240 D 13 '39 550w

"Twenty years hence 'Capital City' may seem as curiously dated as 'Main Street' does now. It has, for the moment, a similar veracity and consequence." Margaret Wallace

N Y Times p7 D 3 '39 900w

"The author has plenty of hardbitten talent, as 'Old Jules' and 'Slogum House,' her previous books, testify, but I think 'Capital City' makes very little use of them. The message of 'Capital City' is not one American citizens can lightly disregard. It seems too bad that it has not been clothed in more convincing form. Indignation alone does not make novels." Clifton Fadiman

— + New Yorker 15:114 D 2 '39 490w

"The violence in this new novel is almost unrelieved by any sweetness and light. . . The book would have been a better piece of art had it been relieved by some concession to innate goodness in capital city inhabitants. Miss Sandoz makes no compromises with her general theme of the city's overmastering greed. She writes as hard as a man and hits with the crushing force of a Joe Louis. Her toughest characters freely mouth the phrases of the hobo jungle. This novel is strong meat; not at all for the squeamish. . . Occasionally the author's appreciation of moral courage brightens with light otherwise sordid pages. Her sincerity cannot be doubted." George Grimes

— + Sat R of Lit 21:13 D 2 '39 600w

Time 34:84 D 11 '39 40w

SANDS, LEDYARD. Bird, the gun and the dog; il. from phot. and from paintings by Courtenay Brandeth. 523p $7.50 for sale by Morrow

799.24 Game and game birds. Shooting. Dogs 39-24205

"A carefully planned work covering all feathered creatures in this country which are classed as game birds. It gives, first, a naturalist's description of the bird; next a discussion of the proper loads, barrels, equipment, and so on; and, finally, a delightful discussion of the breed of dog best suited to shoot that bird over." Books

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"Authoritative, thorough and well written. . . Bird-dog men are likely to find some of their pet notions challenged here, but challenged in a very persuasive manner. . . This [book] is both practical and scholarly, and the author gives evidence of writing skill which is ex-

35th Annual co-1940

Paca in bamboo-hake

ons, agoutis, toads, and a host of creatures that have attracted so little popular attention that they have no popular names, are described with what can only be termed loving care. By a simple adjustment of perspective, this small game suddenly becomes big game and there you have your new world!

The particular locales covered in the narrative do not matter, for the treasure contained by a hollow log is much the same whether it be in Honduras or the Guianas. Actually, the collecting trips of which this volume is an account grew out of a honeymoon in the West Indies. The holiday soon turned into a working vacation that took the Sandersons to Trinidad, Haiti, and finally Surinam.

The lay reviewer of any sequel to "Animal Treasure" is confronted by one embarrassing circumstance. The first volume, though enthusiastically received by the public at large, was vigorously denounced for its errors and exaggerations by the few zoölogists competent to pass on its scientific content. This reviewer had himself noted a few such objections: for example, trees that reached a height in round figures quite surpassing belief. Consequently, he read this new volume suspiciously, ready to pounce at the slightest sign of fiction. But he found the trees diminished to their true dimensions, and wherever the description of wild-life could be viewed in the light of his own experience or checked against the accounts of others, it proved unexceptionable. It is possible that a reviewer, properly qualified, might find the products of excess enthusiasm here to justify the distrust with which some scientists view all popular works in their fields, but the writing is candid and, for one who has lived in the habitats described, the material has the ring of truth.

It remains to mention the thirty-two pencil-drawings by the author that illustrate his text. They have the same quality of rendering the jewelry, rather than the scenery, of nature that characterizes the verbal descriptions. They portray, for the most part, those typical little Sanderson mammals that, viewed through his sensitive vision, have all the lovable and sad-eyed beauty of small creatures making their way in a very big world.

The Rubinsteins

FREE ARTIST: THE STORY OF ANTON AND NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN. By Catherine Drinker Bowen. New York: Random House. 1939. 412 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT F. PEYSER

THIS is a most admirable book, possibly the best biographical work on Rubinstein in the English language. That the composer has long been a dead issue does not make it the less welcome. It is a worthy successor to its author's life of Tschaikowsky, "Beloved Friend," in some respects perhaps even superior. Catherine Drinker Bowen has written here with the same unflagging brightness and buoyancy, the same exuberance, the same vivacity. To begin the volume is to finish it. Not a page ever falters or lets down.

"Free Artist—the Story of Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein" touches only lightly on Rubinstein's music as such. Analysis and criticism are not its aim. This is just as well, for apart from a handful of songs and still popular and effective piano compositions the prodigious quantities of music which Anton turned out (Nicholas exercised only casually what creative gifts he possessed) are as dead as mutton or as Carl Goldmark, Volkmann, Raff, Moszkowski. Shortly before his death he made a half-hearted attempt to write his memoirs, gave it up and declared he could tell the story of his life in the words: "Ich habe gelebt, geliebt, and gespielt." Significantly, he did not add "komponiert," though he yearned to go down in history as a composer and manufactured among other things nineteen operas, which were to sweep Wagner off the stage. Yet bitter experience taught him to harbor few illusions on that score. "When I am gone," he said, "all I care men shall remember me by is my Conservatory—that they should say it was Anton Rubinstein's work." Actually, men remember Anton Rubinstein for the mighty legend of his colossal piano playing. Those still among us who heard it stoutly maintain that our age does not even remotely know the like of such a cyclonic passion, such a leonine manner, and a piano tone so marvelously singing (not in vain did Anton in his youth listen to Rubini at the Paris Opéra) and miraculously sustained that Rubinstein's American audiences in the seventies used, after a recital, to examine the instrument to see if pipes were not concealed in its mechanism.

Both Anton and his younger brother lived lives extraordinarily rich and full, the sumptuous tapestry of which almost visually unfolds itself through the graceful and enamoring pages of Catherine Drinker Bowen's book. Nicholas, the devoted friend of Peter Tschaikowsky, adored Moscow and spent most of his life there. Lovable, charming, boundlessly sociable he was on the other hand, an incorruptible artist and musician. Anton frankly called him the greater pianist of the two. Women lost their heads over him and at least one committed suicide on his account (in one of his concerts, at that!). When Anton married, Nicholas, who did not particularly approve of the match, "was so gay that he nearly ruined the wedding." Yet behind all this blitheness the artist in the man's soul never wavered or compromised. "Je ne perdrai pas l'habitude du piano, n'est-ce-pas, Docteur?" he anxiously asked as he lay dying in Paris of tubercular enteritis.

Anton Rubinstein used to complain that the pianists called him a composer and the composers a pianist, the Jews a Christian and the Christians a Jew, the classicists a romantic, the romantics a classicist, the Germans a Russian and the Russians a German. Be that as it may, Russia owes the Rubinstein brothers a lasting debt if for no more than their educational and cultural contributions to the musical life of the country. This year is the centenary of Anton's debut as a piano-playing wonder child. However much or little the Russians may do to celebrate the anniversary, America, with Catherine Drinker Bowen's book, will have made a handsome gesture of observance.

Herbert F. Peyser is foreign musical correspondent of The New York Times.

Nicholas and Anton Rubinstein: "Both . . . lived lives extraordinarily rich and full."

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Reviewed by HENR

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Old China and New

MOMENT IN PEKING. By Lin Yutang. New York: The John Day Co. 1939. 813 pp. $3.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

THE quintessence of Chinese life: such is "Moment in Peking." Those who turn its leisurely pages see following, one on the next, vivid vignettes of the Central State and its people; vignettes which are not merely vivid, but authentic as well. The style too is Chinese. Many passages read as though they lay between the soft covers of the famous novels "Hung Lou Mêng"—"Dream of the Red Chamber"—or "Chin Ping Mei," recently published in translation under the title, "Golden Lotus."

"Moment in Peking," in three books, opens in 1900 during the troubled years of the Boxer uprising. The Yao family flee from the capital to Hangchow, their city of origin south of the Great River. Little Mulan, a daughter aged ten, is separated from her parents and falls into the hands of kidnappers. She is, however, quickly rescued by members of the Tseng Clan and from that moment the two families, already known to one another, are closely allied. Technically perhaps Mulan is the heroine of the tale; in actuality, as in Chinese life, the individual is absorbed by the clan. The family, with all its ramifications—grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, maid servants, men servants—dominates the scene.

Fortunately the author gives a careful list of his characters, indicating their relationship to one another, and adds a useful note explaining the complicated, important forms of address. Almost every type to be found in the Chinese social structure appears on the stage as the drama is played. In addition to many minor characters, we have the virgin widow, the dissolute son, the unscrupulous concubine, the despairing suicide, the ambitious wife, the easy-going husband whom she pushes into official life, the indulgent mother, the over-severe father, the highly intelligent maiden, and the brilliant, though poverty-stricken young scholar. It is interesting to find these types as persistent, although with variations, in the new China as they were in the old. The swing from old to new is skillfully shown with keen realization that, albeit young China has modern ideals, these are rooted in its age-old past. Most interesting is the position of woman as revealed throughout the story; her power for good, and for evil, is probably greater in China than in any other land.

Women's "power for good, and for evil, is probably greater in China than in any other land." (From the jacket design of "Moment in Peking.")

Lin Yutang, the author of "My Country and My People," is primarily an essayist. If his characters, individually, have not the magic breath of life, if he has not added to the world of fiction an O-lan, a Colonel Newcome, or a Scarlett O'Hara, nevertheless his detailed description creates an atmosphere amazingly. His readers will come to know the peaceful charm of a Chinese house, they will, in imagination, attend each successive step of a marriage between a wealthy bride and groom. They will learn precisely what gifts should be sent on diverse occasions, and they will comprehend exactly how a Western film affects an "old Chinese" audience. The delightful description of Peking will make them long to live there—as so many Westerners do, unless the soft, green charms of Hangchow convince them that the South is a better habitat.

As the years pass old China recedes, and the events which led to the present situation begin to unfold. Dr. Lin gives, on page 740, a succinct list of the seven steps which, since 1932, have brought about contemporary events, a list most helpful to any student of Far Eastern affairs. Naturally Mulan, her contemporaries, and the younger generation, are drawn into the whirlpool of war. As the book opens with Mulan's flight from the Boxers, so it closes with her flight from the Japanese—the magnificent closing passage begins:

> She had a sense of her nation such as she had never had so vividly before, of a people united by a common loyalty and, though fleeing from a common enemy, still a people whose patience and strength were like the ten-thousand-li Great Wall, and as enduring.

Florence Ayscough has lived for many years in China.

Little Mammals of Tropical America

CARIBBEAN TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 292 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

TO the many who enjoyed Ivan Sanderson's account of his adventures among the small wild animals of Africa in "Animal Treasure," the publication of "Caribbean Treasure" will be good news. It is a counterpart of the earlier volume, with the scene now shifting to tropical America.

The intense interest with which both these volumes hold the reader is not sufficiently explained by saying merely that Sanderson is a sensitive and experienced observer who happens also to be highly articulate. He is all of that, and he can be thoroughly amusing in the bargain. But these are qualities that, if uncommon, are at least not unique among naturalists—and his account of nature does stand apart from others of its kind. A paradoxical clue to this singularity may be found in Sanderson's own statement that his "eyesight is vile, amounting almost to semi-blindness in one eye." Sherlock Holmes could probably have told as much solely on the indirect evidence of the texts. For Sanderson describes nature from the point of view of one whose attention is focussed on the near and small, undistracted by what is large and distant. He does not see the hawk circling overhead, nor the shape of trees on the horizon. Little that he describes, in fact, could not be held in the hand. But of this necessity he makes a virtue. It is quite evident that he is understating the case when he says that his limitation "has probably resulted in rather acute senses of hearing and smell. I like to smell and listen to things, especially in the bush." He also likes to examine nature at his finger-tips, and his short-range visual appreciation is all the keener for being myopic.

It is a new world of nature that lies revealed here. Other naturalists, from Bates to Beebe, have written popular accounts of wild-life in the American tropics; but they have generally been most impressed by the great cats and peccaries, the brilliant Morpho butterflies, the exotic birds. Sanderson, in his explorations, must frequently have passed under the very trees in which those most spectacular creations, toucans, were perched; yet there is not one mention of a toucan in the whole volume. Scarlet macaws are mentioned cursorily, without interest. Cats and peccaries occur unimportantly. But rats, opossums, scorpi-

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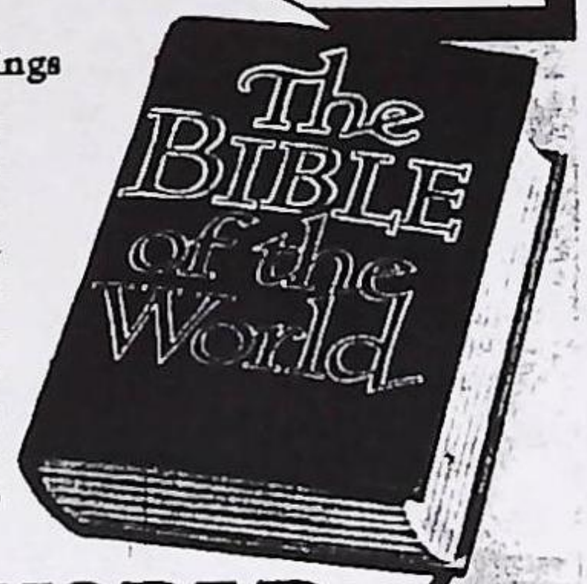

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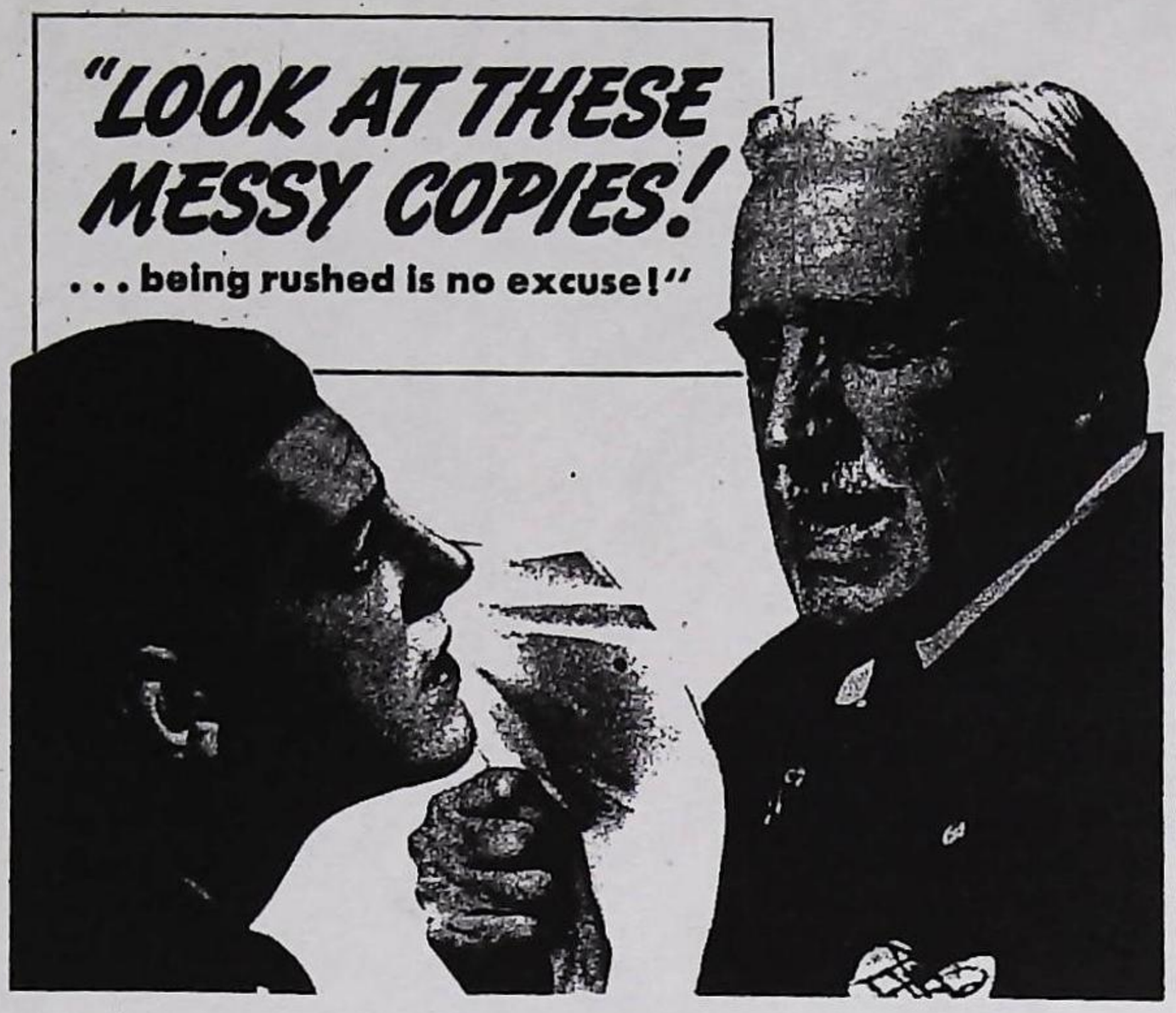

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Bug Hunter

CARIBBEAN TREASURE—*Ivan T. Sanderson—Viking* ($3).

The cave's entrance resembled a monstrous mouth. Foul, fishy smells oozed from its eerie, greenish interior. Faint scrapings, squeals, slimy drippings could be heard far down in its inky bowels. Author Sanderson went cautiously inside. Clusters of giant groy bats whirred out of potholes. Crabs the size of footballs, their eyes bugging like periscopes, squatted on the floor, waved huge pincers, hissed like snakes. A luminescent lizard slithered into a dark crevice. An enormous red rat nudged his foot. Giant spider-centipedes scuttled across his hands. Blood-sucking vampire bats gnashed from black ledges.

Suddenly a terrifying Something, big and black, bobbed up from behind a boulder. It was Author Sanderson's shadow. The cave's incline steepened; he slid down & down. The darkness and rank smell thickened. Then he was standing among the carcasses of old crabs that had crawled down there to die. A half-buried hearth revealed charcoal; around it were large bones—a fugitive's, perhaps.

Such, in the dense virgin jungle of Trinidad, was one of the zoologist's paradises which Author Sanderson, 30-year-old British zoologist, described last week in *Caribbean Treasure*. He found others in Haiti and Dutch Guiana. Readers of his best-selling *Animal Treasure*, an account of animal life in West Africa, know that Author Sanderson is no ordinary bug hunter. A distinguished scientist, a gifted artist (the animal illustrations in *Caribbean Treasure* are a part of its charm), Sanderson is considerably more entertaining about small animals and bugs than most writers are about lions and tigers.

West Indian and South American animal life tends toward the quaint rather than the dangerous. The comical-looking tree porcupine, annoyed to find that he is standing on his tail, gravely tips himself over by pulling it out from underneath. Miniature anteaters cry when caught, curl up pathetically with face in paws, uncurl suddenly and nab your arm. Pea-size frogs croak like bullfrogs. One beetle is equipped with amber landing light. A bird sings sophisticated Gershwin melodies. Quanks, opossums, howler monkeys, capybara, sloths, tamarins, uropygi come in all sizes and shapes, display remarkably varied habits.

Author Sanderson and his wife (they were on their honeymoon) had no run-ins with larger animals. A jaguar watched from a tree as he cleaned his gun, fled when he said *Boo!*

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ecessor, but is written with the same combination of scientific precision and imaginative ardor.

Mr. Sanderson's first paragraph wins me completely; it demonstrates what is right with his books and wrong with so many other books of travel and nature description. "Rather than turn what follows into one of those endless rambling travelogues fraught with human interest, private misapprehensions, and succinct domestic wit, I have intentionally reduced any personal narrative to a staccato sprinkling of comings and goings. It was the jungle and the animals in it that we went to see and which interested me most." In other words, Mr. Sanderson, who is a first-rate naturalist, tells us most about what he knows most about, which happens to be something we know little about. After finishing "Land Below the Wind" you know something, but only superficially, about Borneo, but after finishing "Caribbean Treasure" you know a great deal about the animals, particularly the small mammals, of Jamaica, Trinidad, Haiti, and Dutch Guiana.

Mr. Sanderson studies animals *in situ*. He's no collector of specimens and for him classification is less important than intent observation. His attitude nevertheless is clearly scientific. He is not out to startle or amaze you with a dazzling succession of animal believe-it-or-nots. His peccaries and armadillos, his giant crabs and luminous lizards, his blood-lapping bats and screeching *diablotins* (a kind of nightjar), his pigmy ant-eaters, his grisons and jaguars and Haitian wild horses, his periscopic four-eyed fish and crab-eating raccoons, his tailless rats and gas-exuding scorpions—all these are described not as freaks but as integral parts of the wonderful economy of nature.

Mr. Sanderson is anti-topee and hates the word "safari" as many do the word "Hitler." He's quite iconoclastic about jungles (by the way, if you're going to be precise about it, there is no such thing as a jungle in all of the West Indies), believing, for example, that they're the healthiest places in the world. Getting lost is the main danger, but even that can be reduced by reasonable precautions. "It is astonishing how simple it is to find one's way anywhere in this world provided there are no signposts or blithering idiots to mislead one," says Mr. Sanderson, whose bad temper is delightful. He's mostly good-tempered, though. He does not resent being bitten by bats or showered with guano, and the business of carving up a gamy whale with a machete is "a fascinating job"

Maybe Napoleon
wouldn't eat his spinach

And maybe gum on the one fine rug, and surrealist drawings on the new wallpaper don't identify Public Enemy #1 of 1957.

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for Mr. Sanderson, who fascinates easily.

Mr. Sanderson's prose, his ideas, and his illustrations are equally clean-edged. There are thirty-two pencil drawings of his favorite fish, insects, and mammals, and they are small works of art, exact in their detail, sensitive in their feeling for the inner life of which the detail is but the outer expression.

From "Animal Treasure" I recall one animal whose name I shall remember down through the ages: *Rattus rattus rattus*. To *Rattus rattus rattus* I must now add an aquatic frog from around Surinam who rejoices in the ambiguous title of *Pseudis paradoxa*.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

In Not Victory, by Frank O. Hough. The Revolutionary War in Westchester County, 1776 to 1778. Seems that the poor farmers were roughed up by both armies and barely escaped with their land and their lives. A sharp, credible historical novel, with lots of battles, the horrors of prison life, and (surprise) no love interest.

Tales Before Midnight, by Stephen Vincent Benét. A round dozen of capable short stories which have appeared in various magazines. The first describes the modern exodus from some place that might be Germany, the last tells of the departure of the Roman legions from Britain. In between there are Americans at sundry times and places, among them Johnny Pye and the Fool Killer. Mr. Benét is at his best in allegory, which he treats with a homely wisdom, well salted.

Illusion in Java, by Gene Fowler. Romance and the artistic temperament among the natives of Java, which, with its strange customs and quaint idiom, sounds very far away. A pleasant substitute for that Southern cruise you may not get around to.

The Devil Takes a Hill Town, by Charles G. Givens. The struggle between capital and labor in a Tennessee hill town. God and the Devil, in the persons of mountain men, are the chief characters, but even God can't do much with the muddle of low wages, union organizers, and stubborn capitalists. Mr. Givens thinks we need more old-fashioned American virtues like independence, neighborliness, and self-reliance. Cracker-box wisdom, in short, with a "Green Pastures" flavor.

Ask the Dust, by John Fante. The

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page ~~88~~, 89 New Yorker

BOOKS

Notes from an Anthill—Sanderson's Animal Exhibit, Continued

THINGS about North Borneo I never knew till now: It's part of the third largest island in the world, an island described by one of its inhabitants as "nothing but an anthill." It's the sole remaining country in the British Empire to be administered by that quaint invention, a chartered company. The principal city, Sandakan, has 14,000 inhabitants, who are owned and operated by seventy-five Europeans, including twenty women. Borneo imports explorers and cameramen on the watch for mammiferous Borneo belles. Its main exports are timber, rubber, tobacco, seed pearls, dried fish, birds' nests, and cutch, and you may look cutch up for yourself. Its special export this season is a book called "Land Below the Wind," which has won for its author, Agnes Newton Keith, the $5,000 prize in the Atlantic Non-Fiction Contest.

Mrs. Keith was brought up in Hollywood but as soon as she could she married an Englishman, H. G. Keith, Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture of North Borneo. She spent four years in her husband's territory, engaged in various enterprises, such as going to tea at the Residency, swallowing lumps in the throat when the Union Jack was run up, studying the natives with sympathetic affection, making a nice English home for her empire-builder, taming monkeys and mongooses, getting bitten by sand flies, pig ticks, and leeches, admiring the peace and simplicity of life in the tropics (five servants), entertaining Osa and the late Martin Johnson, and learning that Borneo, while it still boasts a few impetuous head-hunters, has practically shut down on the production of wild men.

Her book is charming rather than informative, and loosely written, with an attractive, playful irony floating through its pages. The illustrations are homemade and very progressive-school-child, but may be ignored without any offence, I am sure, to Mrs. Keith. Her heart is warm, so warm indeed that she is inclined to be a little gurgly over her tarsiers and her natives. The fact that the Keiths' pet otters were called Niffles and Sniffles may help to convey the feminine tone of part—not all—of the book.

When in residence at Sandakan, the Keiths lived a rigidly British life, with everything from tailcoats to calling cards and way stops at cricket and afternoon tea. In the jungle things were different; toast and marmalade were forgotten, and Mrs. Keith, who is really game and makes the most of it, suffered tortures, mainly from insects and fatigue, just to show that she could do as well as her stoic husband. The contrast between the childish attempt (Mrs. Keith doesn't think it's childish, however) at keeping up the British face in Sandakan and the genuine life she and her husband encountered in the jungle provides much of her narrative's distinction.

There are some good, and some gruesome, stories about natives, but for me the choicest bits are to be found in the journal of Saudin, a Murut hillman who visited New York as part of Martin Johnson's entourage. Saudin on the Great White Way: "Every night men had their names put in the sky with bright lights so that they would not be forgotten, because there are so many people in New York that it would be easy to forget some of them." On elevators: "This is a little room that you get into, and very suddenly it goes up. And when it stops your stomach does not stop." On our sports: "Boxing is all right, but wrestling is too rough. In my country we do not act like that unless we wish to kill men."

However, even throwing in the precious Saudin, I doubt that "Land Below the Wind," pleasant as it is, is worth $5,000.

AS a travel book, Mrs. Keith's prize-winner rates well enough, but my particular dish of tea is Ivan T. Sanderson's "Caribbean Treasure." You must remember Mr. Sanderson's previous book, "Animal Treasure," a brilliant affair that put him at once in a class with Will Beebe and almost with W. H. Hudson. "Caribbean Treasure" is perhaps a little less exciting than its prede-

"I want to submit an anonymous manuscript."

New Yorker 11 NOV 1939 page 87, 88, 89

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BOOKS

Lincoln Battalion in Spain: the Tale of a Curious Army

The first complete account in English of the Americans who fought for the Spanish Loyalists is published this week, the work of a 30-year-old New York poet and journalist who served in the International Brigades. Although any writing on the Spanish war is open to suspicion of bias, Edwin Rolfe's THE LINCOLN BATTALION is probably as close to a definitive history as will appear for some time.

It was a curious army, to say the least. The soldiers, recruited in America and smuggled into Spain by an efficient underground organization, were mostly young Communists in their early 20s. They came from the streets of New York, from Middle Western farms, from the South, the Far West, and Canada—students, artists, trades-unionists, poets, adventurers. Not a dozen of the 2,800 who went to Spain had seen any kind of military service, and only three of their officers were army-trained men.

Of the historical Spanish issues involved in the war, most of the Americans were as ignorant as they were of the language. They pictured the struggle as a black and white proposition—a political melodrama with the heroine, Democracy, in the toils of a blackguard named Fascism. Spain was merely the theater of action.

For all their innocence of things military, the "Lincolns" came to the close of their adventure with a brilliant record. They were brave, often recklessly so; about 1,000 of them fell at Belchite, Jarama, Bruneté, Teruel, and on the Ebro. Lt. Col. Copic, commander of the International Brigades, told Maj. Gen. Stephen O. Fuqua, NEWSWEEK'S military authority (then United States military attaché in Spain with the rank of colonel), that of all the soldiers under him, the Americans were outstanding for their individual initiative and loyalty to leadership. (THE LINCOLN BATTALION. *321 pages, 73,000 words. Illustrations, maps, index. Random House, New York. $2.50.)*

Jungle Rogues' Gallery

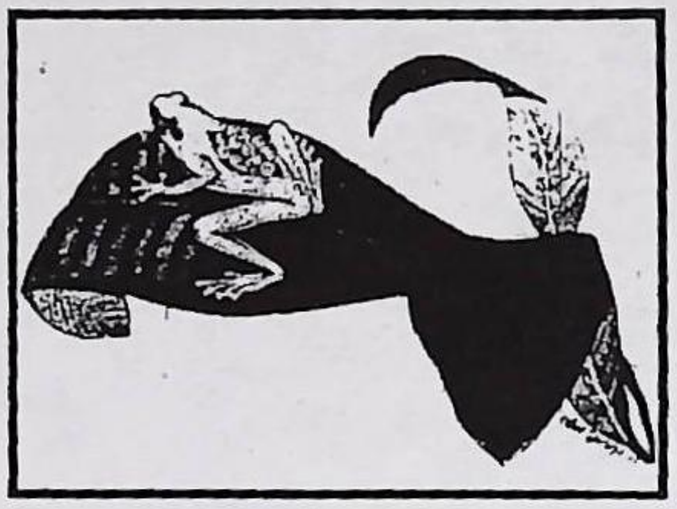
One of the most entertaining literary oddities a couple of seasons back was Ivan Sanderson's "Animal Treasure"—an unusual jungle book about strange and wondrous fauna in the British Cameroons (NEWSWEEK, Sept. 20, 1937). The author, a young Scottish naturalist and artist with an eye for the curious, introduced the American reader to many new animals, like the belching baboon and the whistling skink, and told of his encounters with an engaging humor and modesty. Half the book's delight was in his delicate yet sculptural drawings of the beasts.

Now he has written and drawn a kind of sequel — CARIBBEAN TREASURE — which is every bit as good as the first and contains a whole new rogues' gallery of the diminutive horrors that prowl the swampy lowlands of Haiti, Trinidad, Brazil, and other hot countries. He doesn't confine his researches to animals, however; there are four-eyed fish, scorpions, and hideous variations on the toad and spider theme that are worth reading about if only as a guide to Where Not to Go. One nasty customer is the grison, a ferret-like mammal that looks and acts like a snake. Another is Desmodus, the blood-lapping bat, which is very susceptible to hydrophobia and exceedingly dangerous even without it. Altogether, a book for the more sober moments. (CARIBBEAN TREASURE. *292 pages, 92,000 words. Drawings, index. Viking, New York. $3.)*

Morehouse at 8:45

Peripatetic Ward Morehouse, ambassador-at-large from Broadway, has written a book—or rather, a book-length column—on his wanderings, his favorite personalities (with a sprinkling of some that aren't), on the theater, past and present, on Hollywood and just about everything else. Breaking clean with the "great guy, grand trouper" tradition of other Broadway Boswells, The New York Sun columnist wades into his subject with uninhibited stride.

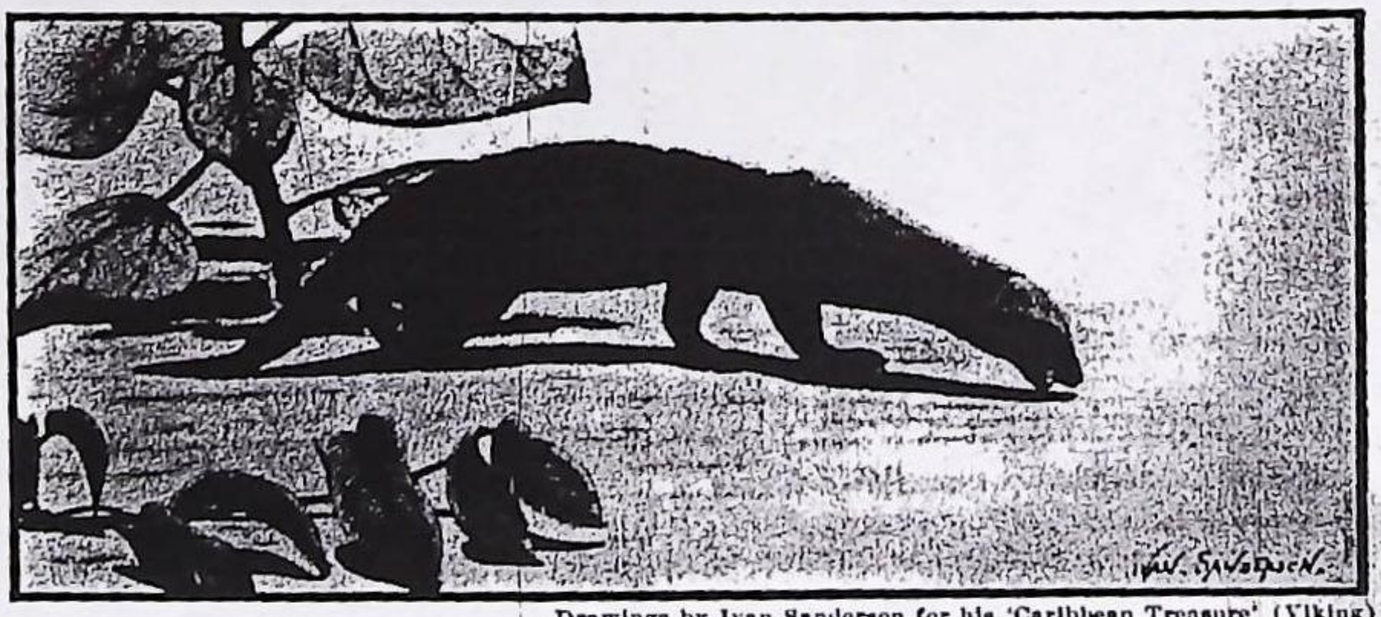
Broadway is not a point in time or space; it is the stratosphere of the entertainment world, and the soft-spoken gentleman from Georgia is its own Professor Piccard. His easy-reading book is studded with names (sometimes there will be a solid page and a half of famous ones) and enlivened with the author's amiable egocentricities. He tells of his first days on New York newspapers, when he once held



Funny fauna: the pouch-back frog

. . . the four-eyed fish . . .

. . . the pigmy anteater . . .



Drawings by Ivan Sanderson for his 'Caribbean Treasure' (Viking)

. . . and the grison—all of them strange dwellers of the jungle